



HELPER & SIENKIEWICZ

NO.2 • SEP'87 • \$1.50/\$2.10CAN • SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

THE

# SHADOW

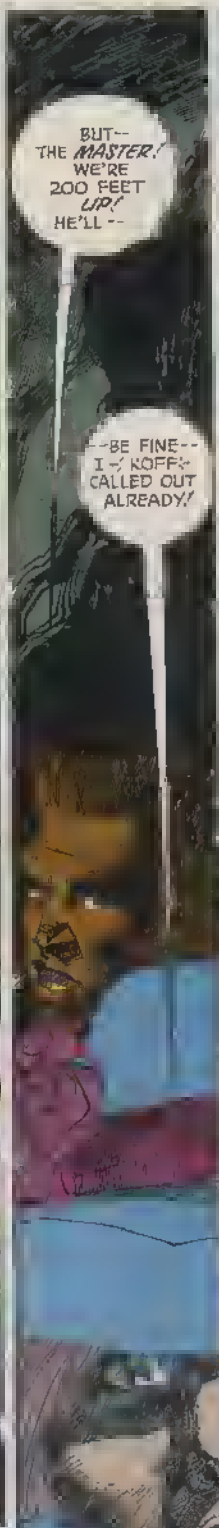


1987

SHADOWS & LIGHT • Part 2

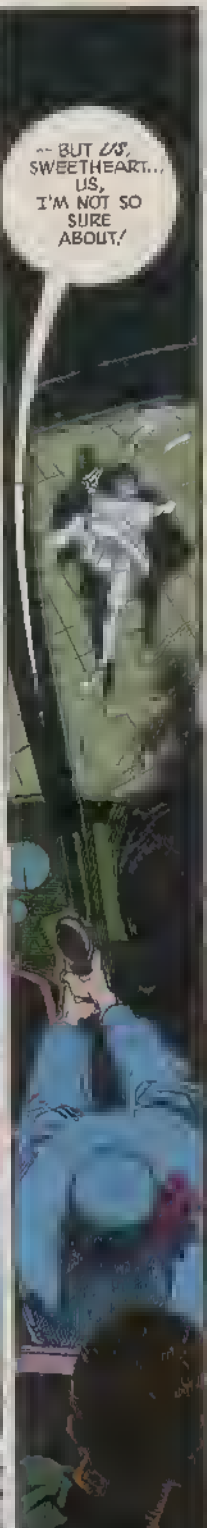


TH--THEY'RE  
OUT-- BOTH  
OF THEM!



BUT--  
THE *MASTER!*  
WE'RE  
200 FEET  
*UP!*  
HE'LL --

--BE FINE--  
I -- KOFF--  
CALLED OUT  
ALREADY!



-- BUT *US!*  
SWEETHEART...  
*US!*  
I'M NOT SO  
SURE  
ABOUT!



GOOD LORD--  
THAT'S  
CRANSTON--



--AND  
THE  
*SHADOW!*



THEY'RE--

BETTER  
THAT WAY--  
NOW I CAN  
--KOFF--  
CONCENTRATE  
ON  
KEEPING *US!*  
ALI--

# SHADOWS AND LIGHT: PART II

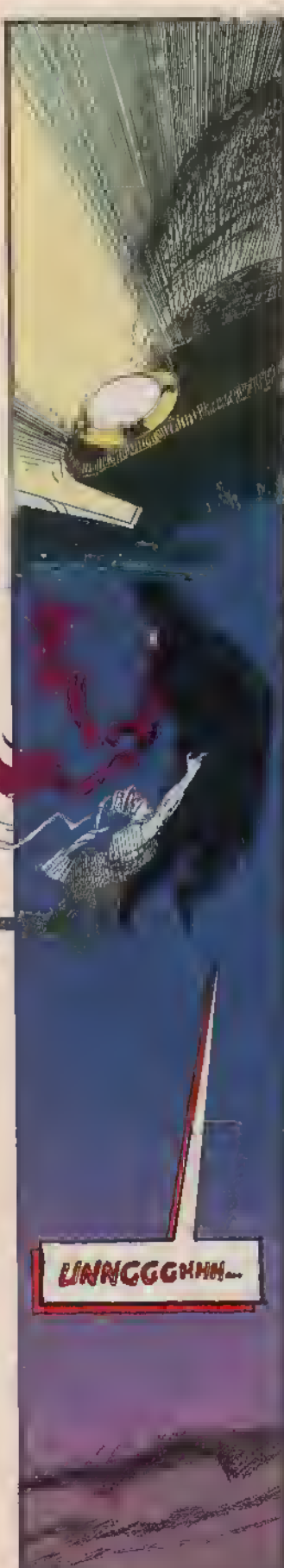
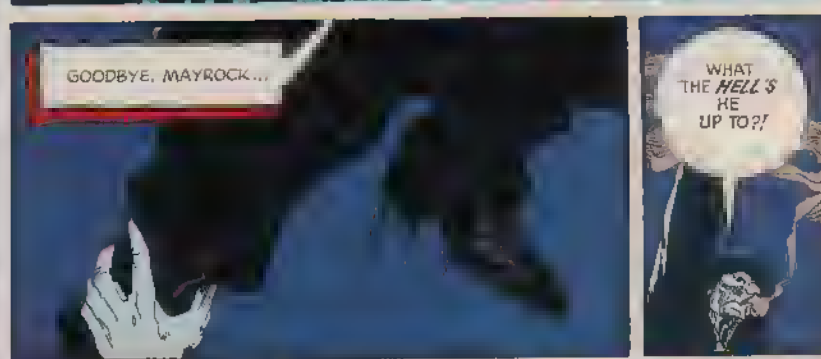
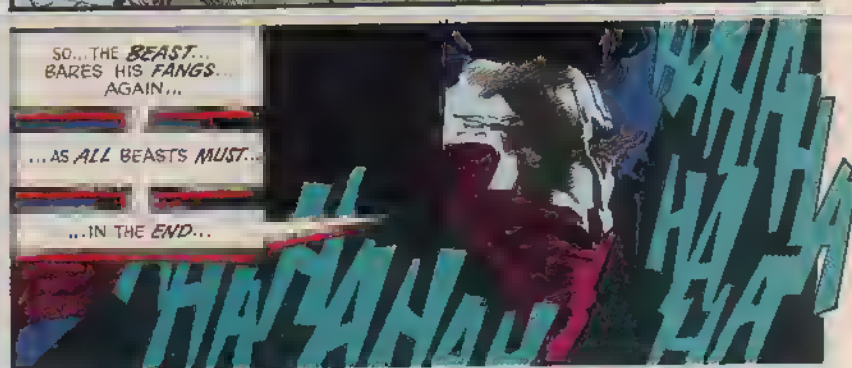
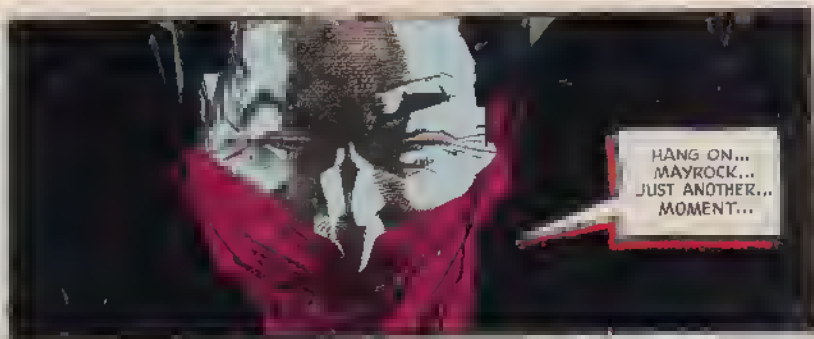
# THE SHADOW

# THE POOL

HEY!  
COME BACK  
HERE!!

ANDREW HELFER    BILL SIENKIEWICZ    BOB LIPPAN  
WRITER                      ARTIST                      LETTERER  
RICHMOND LEWIS    MIKE CARLIN & MILE GOLD  
COLORIST                      EDITORS







DEAR  
LORD...

MAX!  
GET  
GOING!

DO  
SOMETHING!

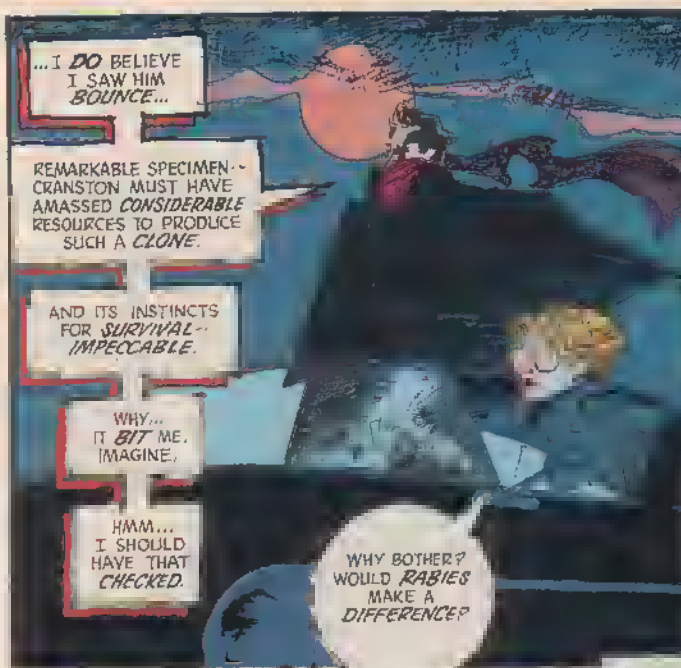
UH...  
YES, SIR...

...THE  
POOR  
BOY...

WOULDA  
LOOK  
AT THAT...

GAACK

...GOT A  
MOP--?



...I *DO* BELIEVE  
I SAW HIM  
*BOUNCE*...

REMARKABLE SPECIMEN--  
CRANSTON MUST HAVE  
AMASSED *CONSIDERABLE*  
RESOURCES TO PRODUCE  
SUCH A *CLONE*.

AND ITS INSTINCTS  
FOR *SURVIVAL*--  
*IMPECCABLE*.

WHY...  
IT *BIT* ME.  
IMAGINE.

HMM...  
I SHOULD  
HAVE THAT  
*CHECKED*.

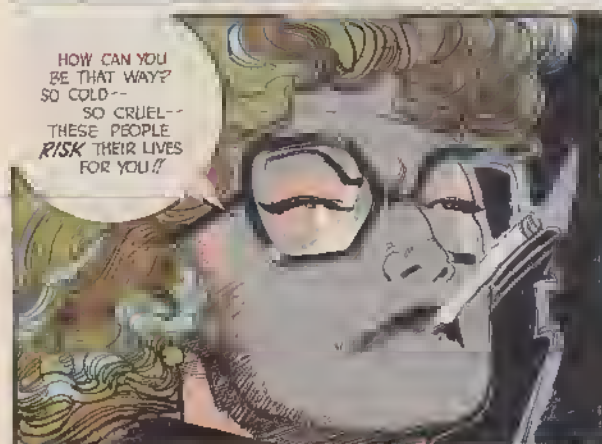
WHY BOTHER?  
WOULD *RABIES*  
MAKE A  
*DIFFERENCE*?



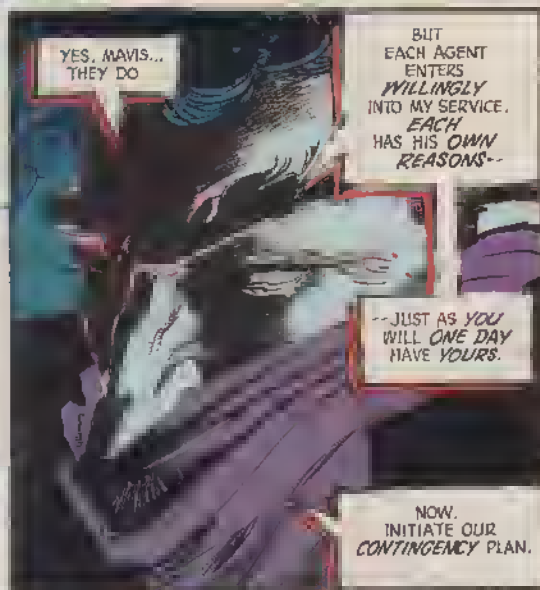
MAVIS?  
YOU SOUND...  
BITTER.

*BITTER*?!  
JUST LOOK DOWN  
THERE-- TWO OF YOUR  
AGENTS--  
TWO *GOOD PEOPLE*--  
YOU ALMOST  
GOT THEM  
*KILLED*--

--AND ALL  
YOU CAN  
TALK ABOUT  
IS THAT  
*STUPID*  
*MONSTER*!



HOW CAN YOU  
BE THAT WAY?  
SO COLD--  
SO CRUEL--  
THESE PEOPLE  
*RISK* THEIR LIVES  
FOR YOU?!



YES, MAVIS...  
THEY DO

BUT  
EACH AGENT  
ENTERS  
*WILLINGLY*  
INTO MY SERVICE.  
*EACH*  
HAS HIS OWN  
*REASONS*--

--JUST AS YOU  
WILL *ONE DAY*  
HAVE *YOURS*.

NOW.  
INITIATE OUR  
*CONTINGENCY PLAN*.



LORD...  
WHAT A  
BLOODY  
MESS...

UH... MAYBE  
YOU'D BETTER  
*COME AWAY*  
NOW, SIR...

NO SENSE  
IN  
LOOKING--



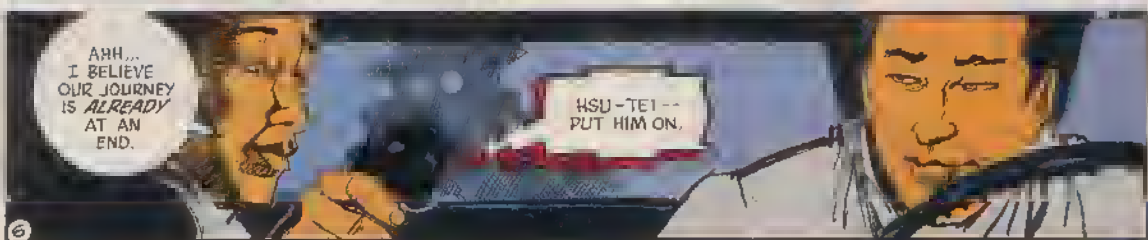
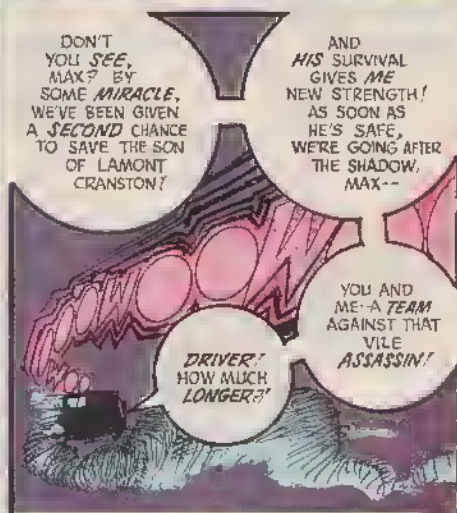
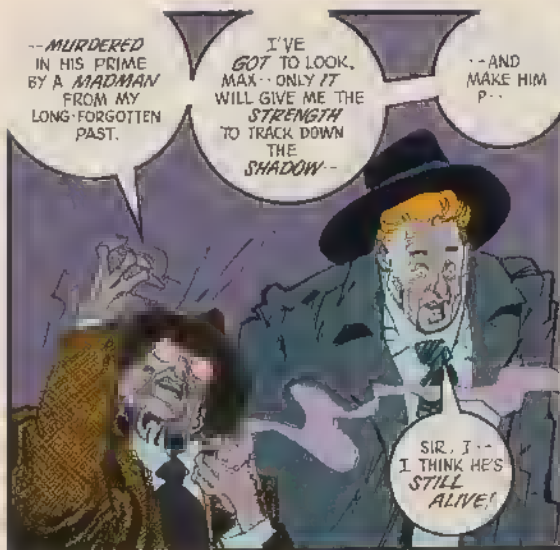
NO  
SENSE,  
MAX?

I'VE  
*GOT* TO LOOK,  
MAX-- TO  
REMEMBER.

TO  
REMEMBER  
WHAT THIS  
*POOR CHILD*  
LOOKED LIKE  
WHEN HE WAS  
*CUT DOWN*--

UH...







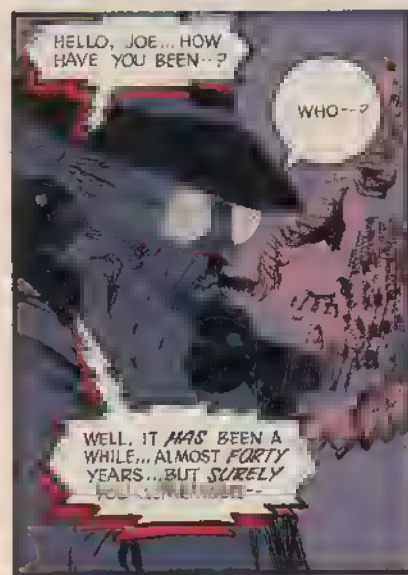
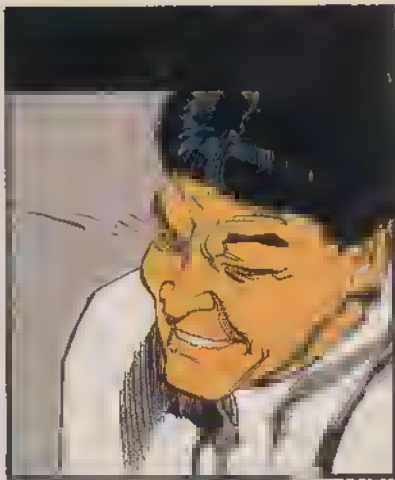
IS THERE A CARBONA BACK THERE?

CARBONA, DAMMIT-- YES!

A MAN WANTS A WORD WITH YOU.



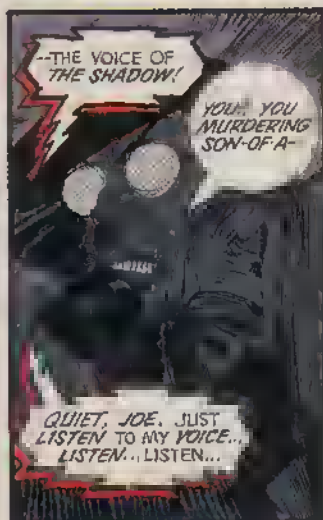
NOW WHO IN THE HELL--?



HELLO, JOE... HOW HAVE YOU BEEN--?

WHO--?

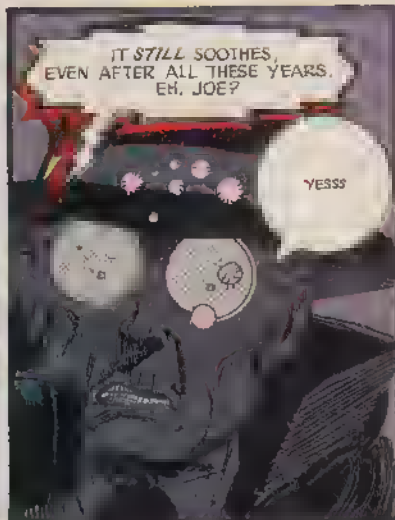
WELL, IT *HAS* BEEN A WHILE... ALMOST FORTY YEARS... BUT *SURELY* YOU *REMEMBER*--



--THE VOICE OF THE SHADOW!

YOU... YOU MURDERING SON-OF-A--

QUIET, JOE. JUST LISTEN TO MY VOICE... LISTEN... LISTEN...



IT STILL SOOTHES, EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS. EH, JOE?

YESS



WOULD'JA LOOK AT THAT?

YES, FATHER HAS QUITE A WAY WITH WORDS.



AND NOW, FATHER?

NOW, PULL OVER, HSU-TEI.



AND HSU-TEI...  
PATCH THIS THROUGH  
TO THE HORN,  
PLEASE.

OH, YES...  
AND  
BEFORE  
I FORGET...

--ONE  
LAST  
THING...

UN-  
YES ?

MY  
HAT,  
PLEASE...

DOOPS...  
SURE  
THING...

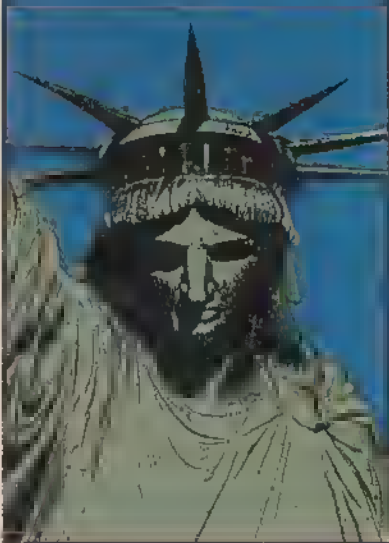
WHAT  
NOW, *MASTER?*  
HOW 'BOUT WE  
HEAD BACK HOME  
AND TAKE A...  
*BREAK...*

SEEMS  
TO *ME* LIKE  
EVERYTHING  
IS RUNNING  
*SMOOTHLY...*

MAVIS, THINGS  
*SELDOM* RUN  
*SMOOTHLY...*

...NOT *HERE...*

...NOT IN  
THE *CITY...*

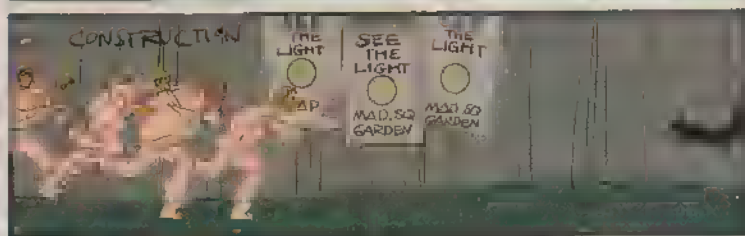
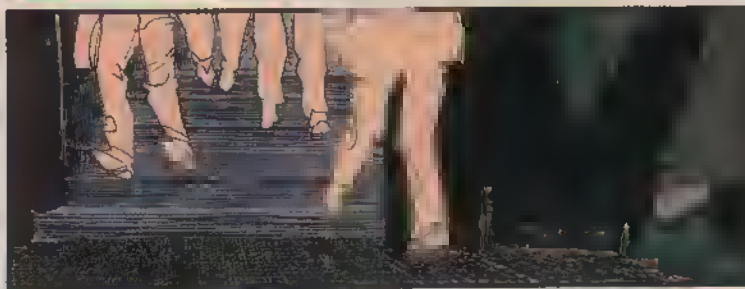


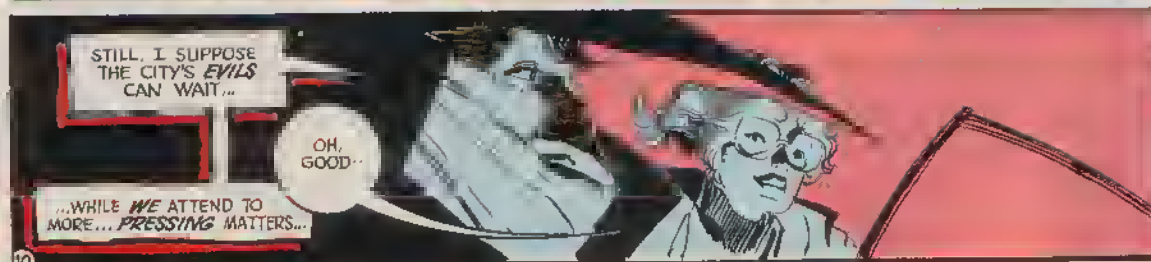
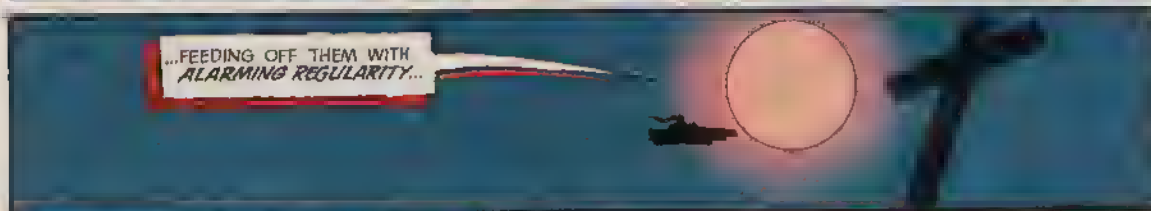
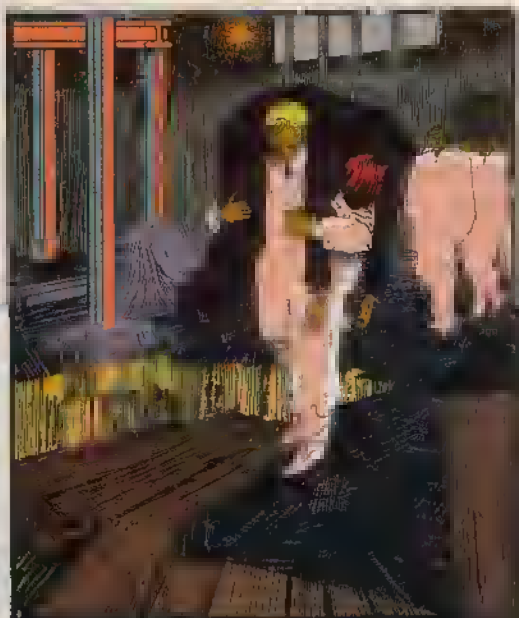
THE CITY KNOWS  
*NO* PEACE...

NO REST...

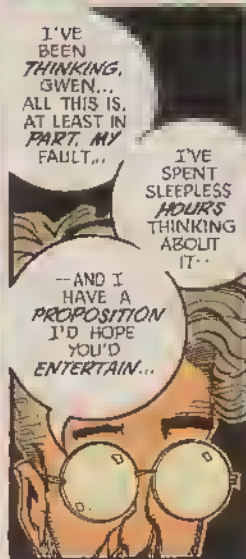
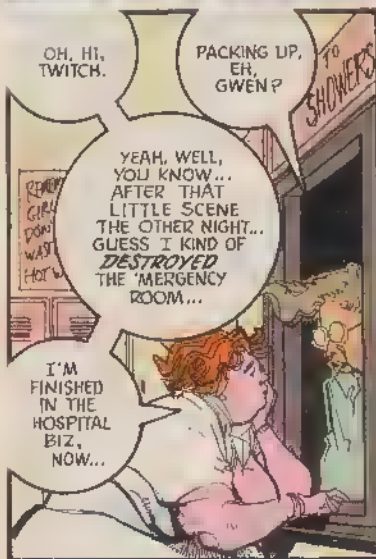
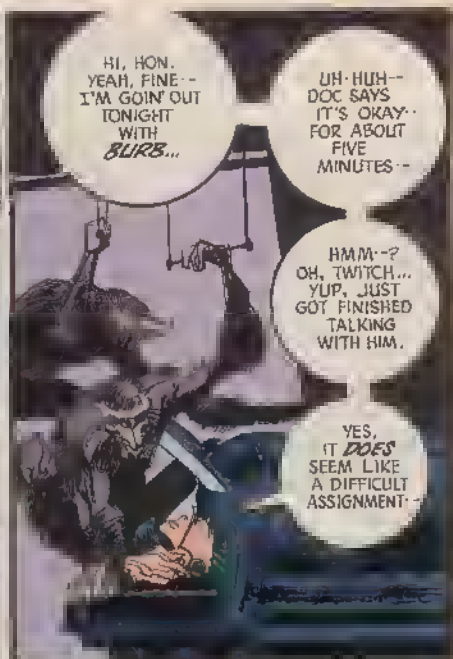
AND THOUGH  
IT MAY *APPEAR*  
PEACEFUL ENOUGH  
FROM UP HERE...

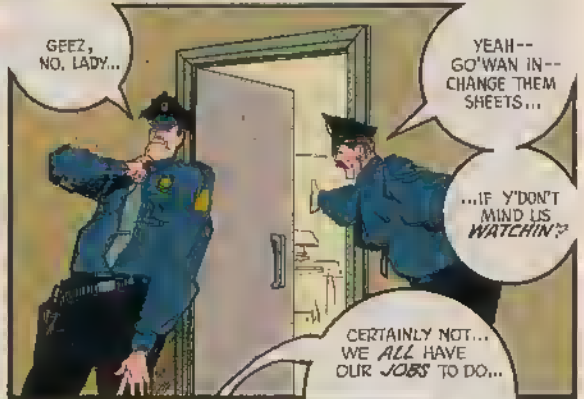
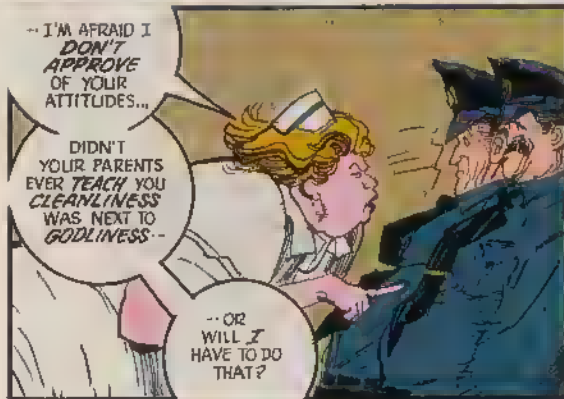
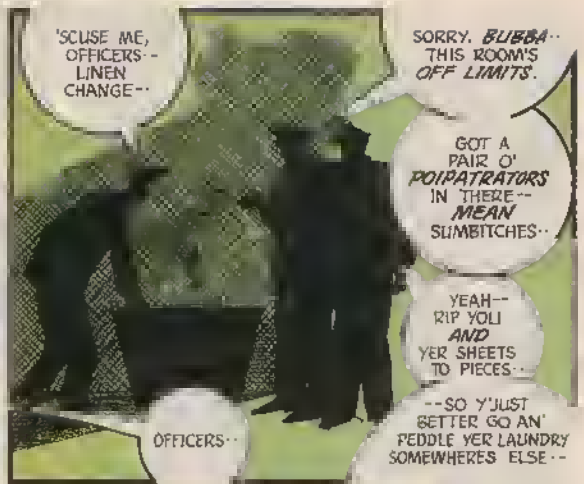
...DOWN THERE,  
THE *VERMIN* PREY ON  
THEIR HAPLESS VICTIMS...















--AND THEY JUST WALKED OUT? AMAZING--

--OH, I KNOW-- STEALING AN ATLANTIC CITY COP-CAR AND DRIVING IT BACK TO NEW YORK IS NOTHING TO SNEEZE AT, EITHER!

WELL, LORELEI, I MUST SAY, I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING THIS TWITCH FELLA--

SEEMS LIKE QUITE A PIECE OF WORK!

AND SPEAKING OF WORK--

--YES, LORELEI... AS PER THE MASTER'S INSTRUCTIONS--

--I'M CLOSING THE FILE ON HIS OLD AGENTS EVEN AS WE SPEAK!

THAT LOOKS LIKE ALL OF THEM... EXCEPT...

#### FBI VICTIM STATUS REPORT

NAME	AGE	STATUS
SHREVEHITZ, NOE	AGE 81	CLOSED
YORKE, OTIS	AGE 68	CLOSED
DRUIKE, JERICHO	AGE 79	CLOSED
BURKE, CLYDE	AGE 78	CLO
LaBAUE, CHANCE	AGE 65	
MARSLAND, CLIFFORD	AGE 73	
SAYRE, RUPERT	AGE 82	
DUNCAN, BRUCE	AGE 58	
TINSLEY, WALTER	AGE 75	
MURRAY, FRANK	AGE 83	

HMMM... THAT ORIENTAL GUY... THE DOCTOR-- WHAT WAS HIS --

--YEAH... TAM... ROY TAM...

'S FUNNY... DOESN'T SEEM TO BE LISTED WITH THE OTHERS...

LET'S SEE NOW...

TAKE IT FROM THE TOP...

SEARCH FORMAT FONT

INCIDENT REPORT

ENTER APPROX DATE: +/- 3/87

ENTER INCIDENT TYPE: HOMICIDE

ENTER QUANTITY: +/- 10

ENTER STATE CODE: CA

ENTER CITY CODE: SF

SUPPLEMENTARY DATA

VIOLENT? V

RELIGIOUS? ?

SEXUAL? N

MARITAL? V

PRE-MEDITATED? V

PROCESSING NOW PLEASE WAIT

HMM, STARTING TO NARROW DOWN.

SEARCH FORMAT FONT

DELETE: READOUT? Y

NO SCREEN/ DISK? S

NUMBERS READOUT: .....

PASS HOMICIDES: CA, SEA +/- 3/87

LOCATION	DATE	QCS
1. POXY SKATE-A-RAMA	3/3/87	09
2. KEY ADULT THEATER	3/9/87	12
3. B.A.R.T. EXPRESS	3/15/87	11
4. TAN BODYWORKS	3/22/87	10
5. ASST TENDERLOIN	3/18/87	13
6. "	3/26/87	13
7. "	3/29/87	11

CHOOSE ONE PLEASE 4

DAMN! NOT THERE!

THEN WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

SEARCH FORMAT FONT

LIST REQUEST? .....

NAME	AGE
ABRANS, JOHN	33
CANEIL, FRANK	24
ERICSON, JOSHUA	28
FIELDS, HARVARD	27
HYCOFF, LILLIAN	44
KELOID, DESHOND	33
MORRIS, HAROLD	43
PERARD, JACQUES	21
RAYMOND, WILLARD	36
REN, ALBERT	30

LIST DONE

TRY THE OCC-SORT... PLEASE WAIT

OCCUPATION

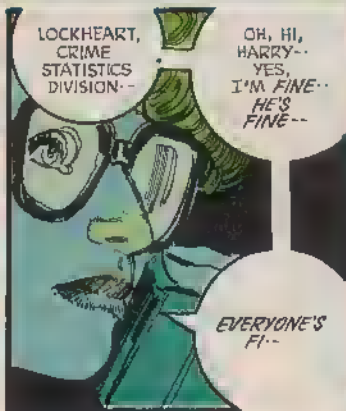


IT'LL TAKE A WHILE, LORELEI-- BUT I'M SURE THERE'S NOTHING WR--

--OOPS-- GOT A CALL ON THE OTHER LINE-- GOTTA RUN--

--BUT I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT I FIND--

BYE!



LOCKHEART, CRIME STATISTICS DIVISION--

OH, HI, HARRY-- YES, I'M FINE-- HE'S FINE--

EVERYONE'S FI--

UH, DAD-- GOTTA RUN--

SEARCH FORMAT FONT

CONNECTIONS: COMPLETE

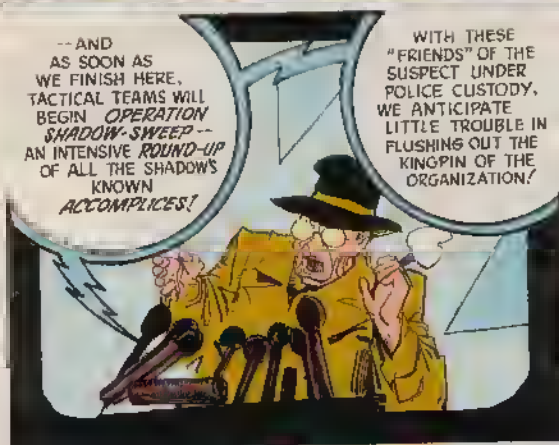
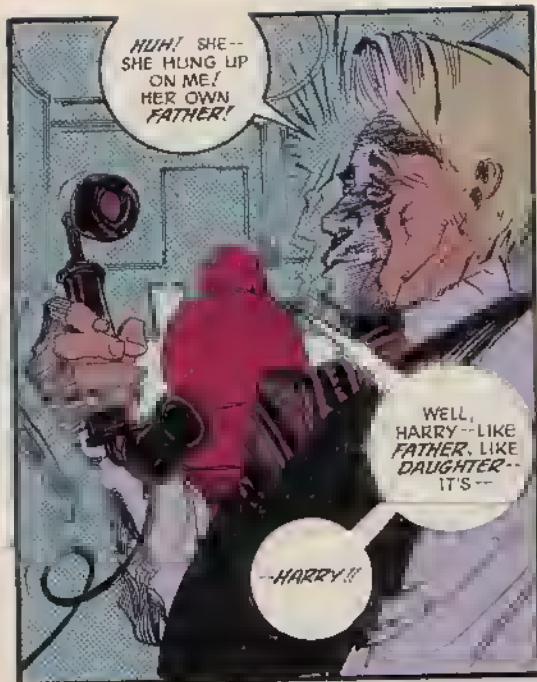
LISTING: .....

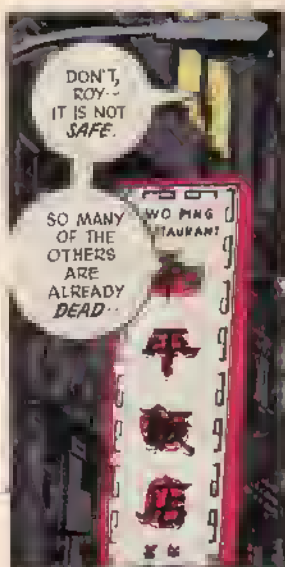
ABRANS, J.	COMP SYSTEMS ENGINEER, NISSETCO
CANEIL, F.	COMP SYSTEMS DESIGNER, NISSETCO
ERICSON, J.	MICROCHIP DESIGNER, NISSETCO
FIELDS, H.	MARKETING DIRECTOR, NISSETCO
HYCOFF, L.	COMP SOFTWARE DESIGN, NISSETCO
KELOID, D.	COMP SYSTEMS PROGRAM, NISSETCO
MORRIS, N.	SA, UP CONSUMER DIV., NISSETCO
PERARD, J.	COMP SOFTWARE DESIGN, NISSETCO
RAYMOND, W.	COMP SYSTEMS PROGRAM, NISSETCO
REN, A.	NEURAL SYSTEM ANALYST, NISSETCO

LISTING COMPLETE. ....

NEXT SORT?







DON'T, ROY--  
IT IS NOT  
SAFE.

SO MANY  
OF THE  
OTHERS  
ARE  
ALREADY  
DEAD--

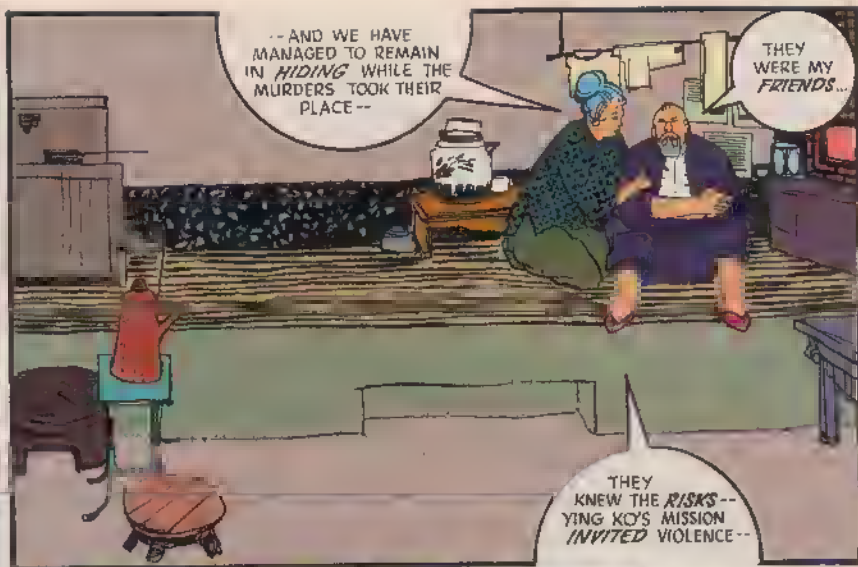
WO PING  
RESTAURANT

平

平

平

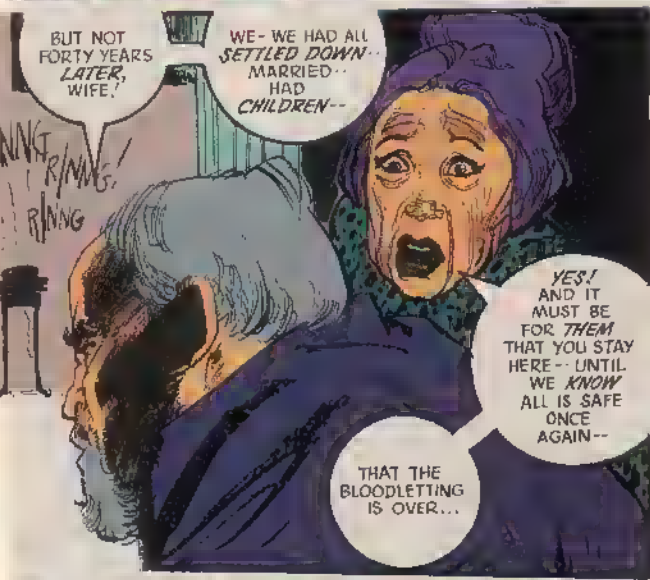
平



--AND WE HAVE  
MANAGED TO REMAIN  
IN *HIDING* WHILE THE  
MURDERS TOOK THEIR  
PLACE--

THEY  
WERE MY  
*FRIENDS*...

THEY  
KNEW THE *RISKS*--  
YING KO'S MISSION  
*INVITED* VIOLENCE--

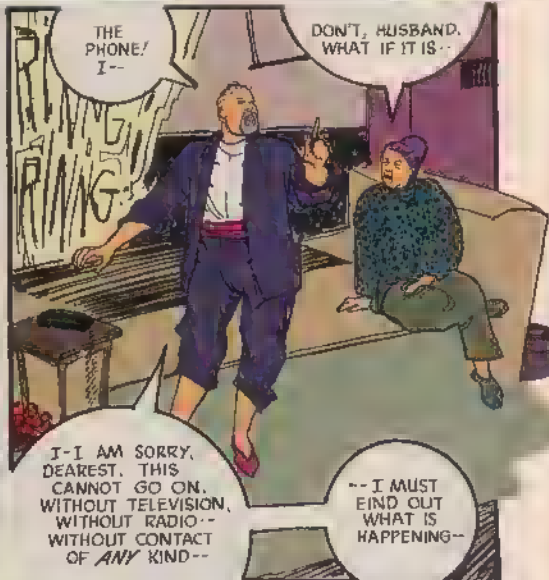


BUT NOT  
FORTY YEARS  
LATER,  
WIFE!

WE--WE HAD ALL  
*SETTLED DOWN*--  
MARRIED--  
HAD  
CHILDREN--

*YES!*  
AND IT  
MUST BE  
FOR *THEM*  
THAT YOU STAY  
HERE--UNTIL  
WE *KNOW*  
ALL IS SAFE  
ONCE  
AGAIN--

THAT THE  
BLOODLETTING  
IS OVER...

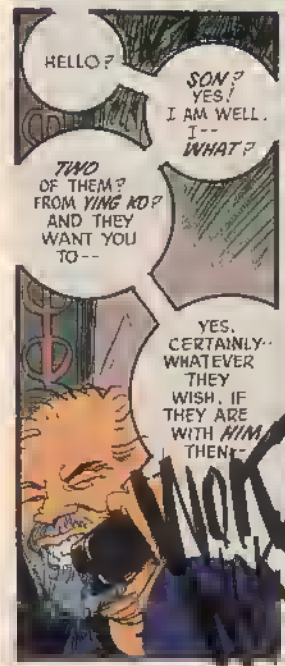


THE  
PHONE!  
I--

DON'T, HUSBAND.  
WHAT IF IT IS--

I--I AM SORRY,  
DEAREST. THIS  
CANNOT GO ON.  
WITHOUT TELEVISION,  
WITHOUT RADIO--  
WITHOUT CONTACT  
OF *ANY* KIND--

--I MUST  
FIND OUT  
WHAT IS  
HAPPENING--

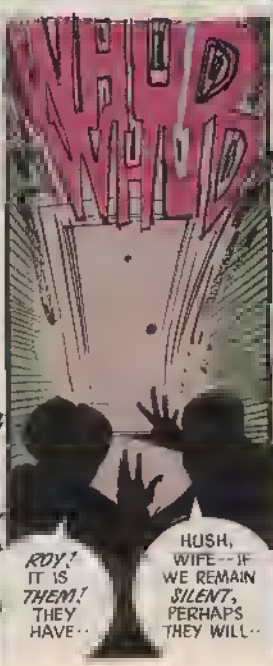


HELLO?

SON?  
YES!  
I AM WELL.  
I--  
WHAT?

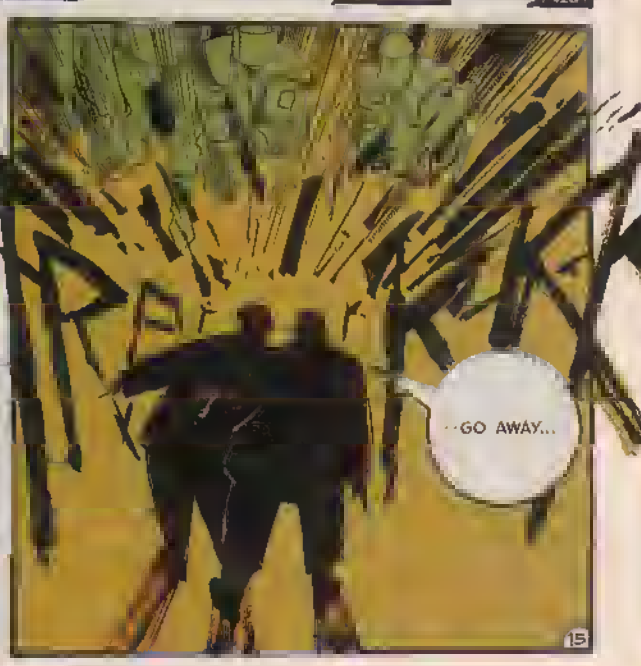
*TWO*  
OF THEM?  
FROM YING KO?  
AND THEY  
WANT YOU  
TO--

YES.  
CERTAINLY--  
WHATEVER  
THEY  
WISH, IF  
THEY ARE  
WITH HIM.  
THEN--



ROY!  
IT IS  
*THEM!*  
THEY  
HAVE--

HUSH,  
WIFE--IF  
WE REMAIN  
*SILENT*,  
PERHAPS  
THEY WILL--



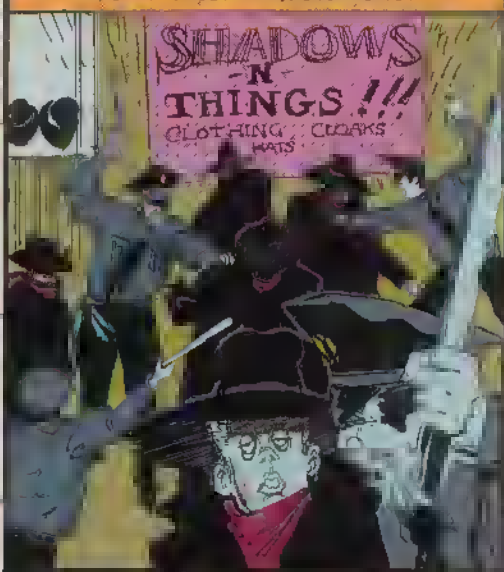
--GO AWAY...



"THIS *CRUSADE* OF CARDONA'S--  
IT'S GETTING OUT OF HAND."



"NO... IT'S GETTING *RIDICULOUS*."



AND  
I PROMISE  
YOU,  
RUTLEDGE,  
IT WILL *END*  
QUITE SOON  
NOW...

I SHOULD  
HOPE SO...  
CAN'T  
HAVE THEM  
KNOCKING AT  
MY DOOR,  
YOU KNOW--



I RUN A  
*RESPECTABLE*  
INVESTMENT  
FIRM--

-- AND  
SPEAKING  
OF *WHICH*,  
MR. MANN--

QUITE SO.



WELL,  
LOOKING OVER  
THESE *PAPERS*,  
I BELIEVE  
THAT THE TRANSFER  
OF FUNDS  
CAN BE ARRANGED  
EASILY  
ENOUGH...

... PROVIDED  
THERE ARE NO *HEIRS*  
TO THE  
*MAYROCK* EMPIRE  
LURKING IN THE...  
UH...  
SHADOWS...

NO...  
YOU CAN  
BE CERTAIN MY  
*ARRANGEMENTS*  
WILL BE  
COMPLETE.

AS  
ALWAYS,  
SIR.



WELL, THEN,  
I THINK WE CAN  
SAFELY ASSUME  
THAT BY THIS TIME  
TOMORROW MORNING,  
ALL *MAYROCK*  
INTERNATIONAL  
HOLDINGS  
WILL BECOME  
THE PROPERTY  
OF ONE  
LAMONT  
CRANST--

WAIT.



OKAY,  
MANN--  
WHERE  
IS  
HE?







WHY,  
AS I LIVE  
AND  
BREATHE?

JOE CARDONA!  
HOW HAVE YOU  
BEEN? AND  
WHAT BRINGS  
YOU HERE  
AT THIS  
LINGODLY--

CUT  
THE CRAP,  
MANN!  
YOU KNOW  
WHY I'M HERE--  
WHO I'M  
LOOKING  
FOR--

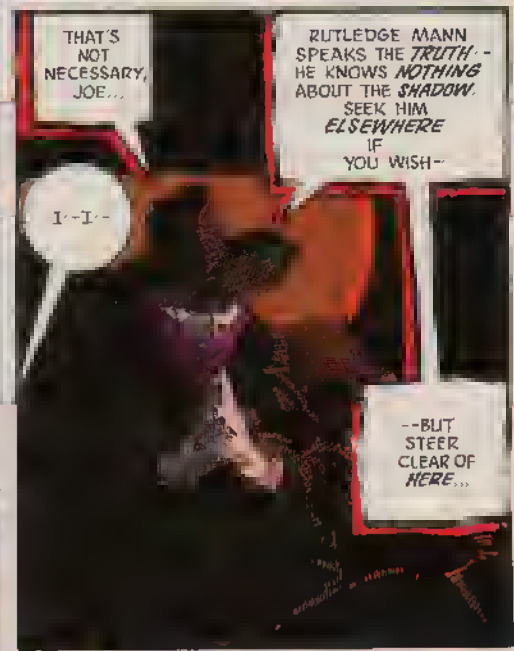
--AND UNLESS  
YOU WANT  
TO JOIN YOUR  
BUDDIES  
DOWNTOWN--



BUT, JOE--  
YOU *MUST* BELIEVE--  
I HAVEN'T SEEN  
THE *MAN* IN--  
ALMOST  
FORTY YEARS  
NOW--

PLAYING IT  
THAT WAY,  
EH? WELL,  
I WARNED  
YOU--

BOYS--



THAT'S  
NOT  
NECESSARY,  
JOE...

RUTLEDGE MANN  
SPEAKS THE TRUTH--  
HE KNOWS *NOTHING*  
ABOUT THE *SHADOW*.  
SEEK HIM  
ELSEWHERE  
IF  
YOU WISH--

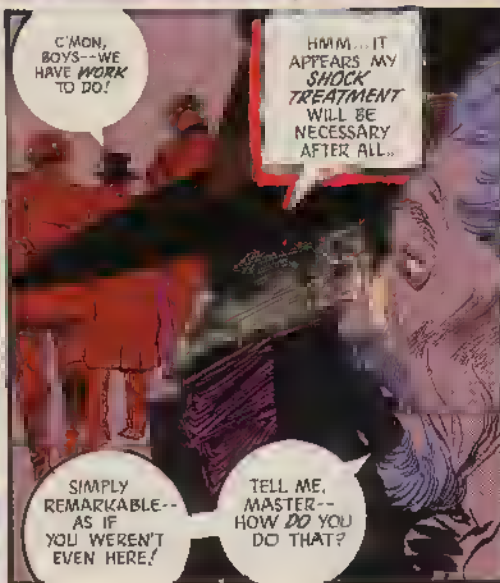
I-I--

--BUT  
STEER  
CLEAR OF  
HERE...



YES,  
MAS--

~~SAHEMNI'S~~  
WELL,  
SORRY TO HAVE  
*BOTHERED*  
YOU,  
RUTLEDGE...  
WE'LL HAVE THAT  
*DOOR*  
FIXED UP  
FIRST THING  
IN THE  
MORNING--

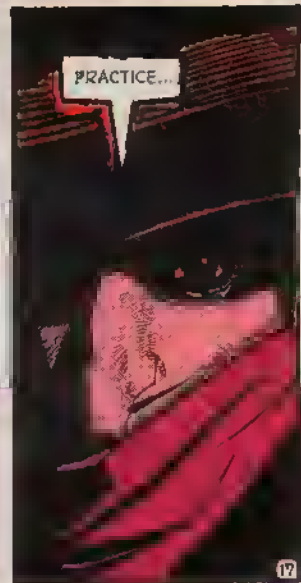


C'MON,  
BOYS--WE  
HAVE *WORK*  
TO DO!

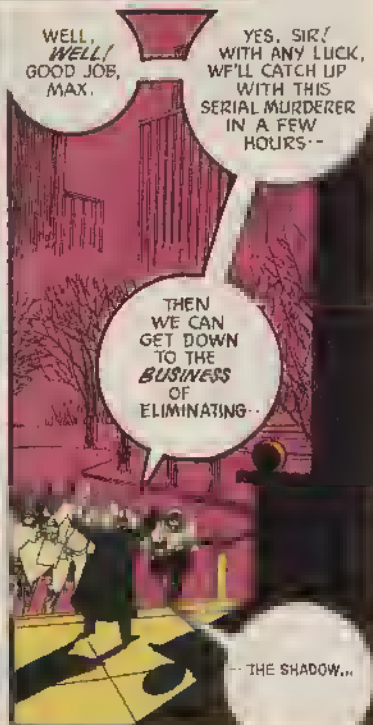
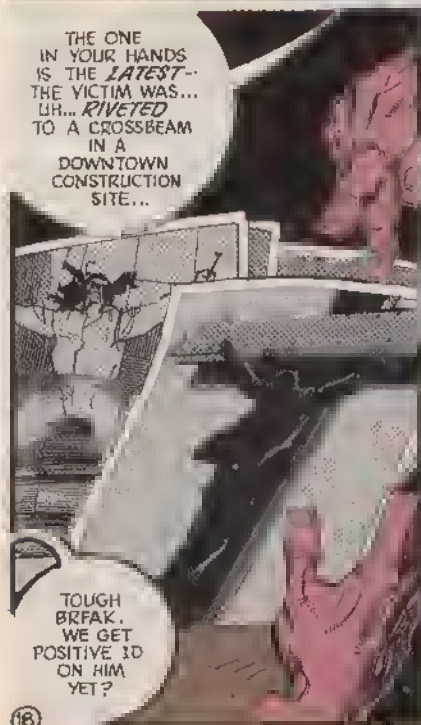
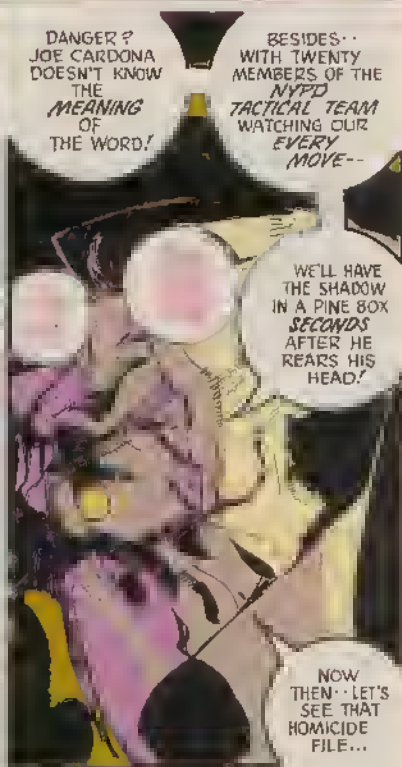
HMM...IT  
APPEARS MY  
*SHOCK*  
*TREATMENT*  
WILL BE  
NECESSARY  
AFTER ALL..

SIMPLY  
REMARKABLE--  
AS IF  
YOU WEREN'T  
EVEN HERE!

TELL ME,  
MASTER--  
HOW DO YOU  
DO THAT?



PRACTICE...







UH...  
THERE  
OUGHT TO BE  
A RATIONAL  
EXPLANATION  
FOR THIS,  
SIR...

THINK SO,  
MAX? I'LL  
TELL YOU  
WHAT I  
THINK.

THAT  
*LUNATIC*  
SHADOW'S  
EVEN MORE  
BRAZEN THAN  
I GAVE HIM  
CREDIT FOR!

HE'S FREED  
HIS DAMN  
SHADOWMANIAC  
CULT  
TO DO HIS  
DIRTY WORK  
FOR HIM!

WELL--WE'LL  
JUST SEE  
ABOUT THAT!  
ON  
MY MARK,  
MEN!

READY--  
AIM--

BUT THEY  
SEEM SO...  
HARMLESS,  
SIR--

SHUT UP,  
MAX.  
NOW WHERE  
WAS I--?

PUT AWAY  
YER POPGUNS,  
BOYS--  
THESE BOYS  
ARE HERE  
LEGAL!

SURE'N  
THEY MAY BE  
A BIT TOUCHED  
IN THE HEADS--  
BUT THERE'S  
NO CRIME IN  
THAT!

O'MALLEY!  
I ORDERED  
THEM ALL  
LOCKED  
UP--

AN' YOU CAN  
BE ORDERIN'  
ALL YE LIKE,  
CARDONA--BUT  
THERE'S LAWS  
IN THIS  
STATE--

THE OTHER FOLKS  
YOUR BOYS HAULED IN--  
WE CHARGED 'EM  
FOR COLLUSION WITH  
THE SHADOW--

BUT THESE--  
THEY'RE  
JUST KIDS  
OFF THE STREET!  
NEVER EVEN  
MET  
THE SUSPECT!

AN' WE  
CAN'T BE  
PUTTIN' INNOCENT  
CIVILIANS IN THE  
CLINK FOR BEIN' AT  
THE HEIGHT O' FASHION,  
CAN WE,  
INSPECTOR?

JUST  
GET THEM  
OUT OF HERE.  
O'MALLEY!  
DAMN  
ZOMBIES  
MAKE ME  
SICK!

MEANTIME--  
I'VE GOT  
OTHER  
MATTERS TO  
ATTEND TO--

--SO  
IF YOU  
NEED  
ME--



I'M IN THE *MORQUE*...



-- APPRECIATE YOU LEAVING YOUR MEN OUTSIDE, INSPECTOR. AS YOU CAN SEE, IT ALREADY IS A BIT... *CROWDED* IN HERE...

-- YEAH, JOBSEN... AND IT *STINKS* IN HERE, TOO...

CAN'T YOU DO *ANYTHING* ABOUT THAT *SMELL*-- WHAT THE HELL IS IT--?

IT'S, UH... A RATHER *NATURAL* ODOR, REALLY. DECAY, YOU SEE-- IT'S UNAVOIDABLE IN THIS BUSINESS.

BUT THIS ROOM IS *AIRTIGHT*-- *SOUNDPROOF*, TOO, THOUGH THINGS ARE *ALWAYS* PRETTY *QUIET* IN HERE...



CHRIST



NOW, LET'S SEE-- THIS IS THE ONE...

WORKED ON HIM *MYSELF*-- CRUCIFIXION, WITH A NEAT EYELID SLICE-- GETTING MORE COMMON EVERY DAY NOW--

WNGGHH-- THESE DRAWERS *STICK* SOMETIMES WHEN THE *UGGH* GASES BUILD UP--

MAX, GIVE MR. JOBSEN A HAND--



SURE, SIR--

DOOPS

LUNNFF--



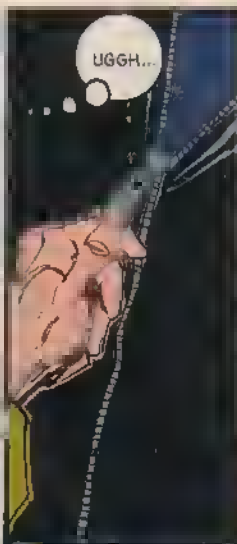
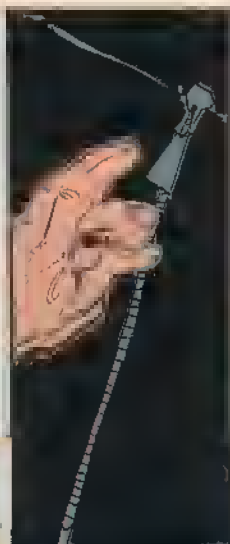
MAX, SOMETIMES I *WONDER* ABOUT YOU, *REALLY*.

YES, SIR...



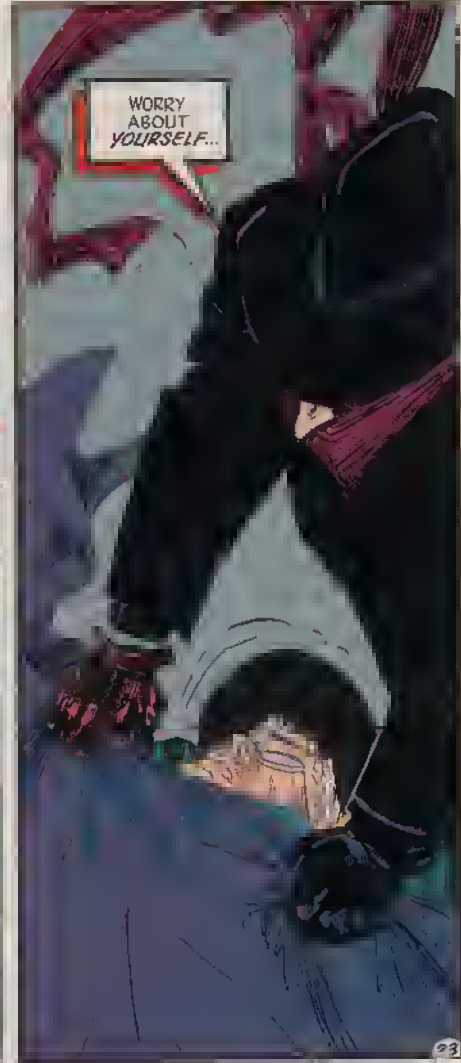
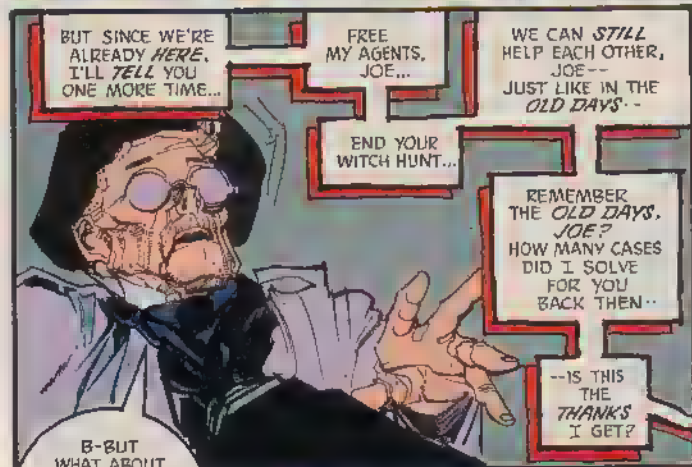
I...UH... THINK I SHOULD GO AND GET SOME HELP

DO THAT.





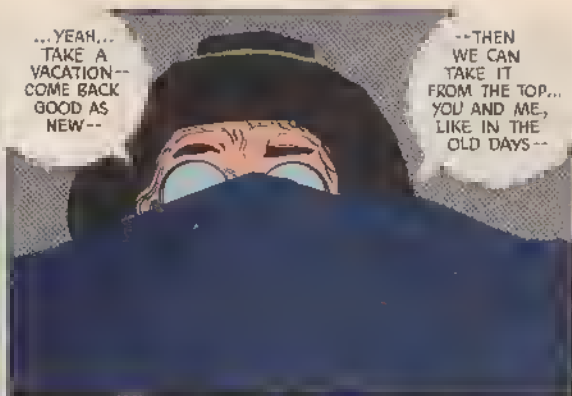






Y-YOU'RE  
RIGHT,  
OF COURSE...

...NOT  
AS YOUNG AS  
I USED TO BE--  
OUGHT TO  
TAKE IT  
EASY...



...YEAH...  
TAKE A  
VACATION--  
COME BACK  
GOOD AS  
NEW--

--THEN  
WE CAN  
TAKE IT  
FROM THE TOP...  
YOU AND ME,  
LIKE IN THE  
OLD DAYS--



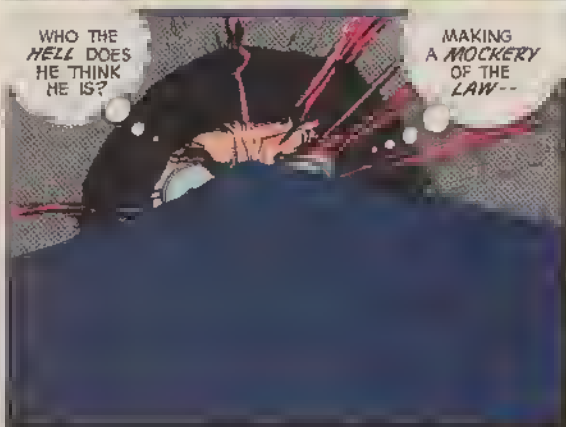
HEH...  
REMEMBER  
THAT CROOK--  
WHAT WAS  
HIS NAME--  
THE *WASP*?  
THAT CRAZY  
GET-UP  
HE WORE--  
HE JUST  
ABOUT--

WHAT  
WAS  
THAT?!



THE DOOR!  
HE MUST'VE  
JUST  
WALKED  
OUT!

"WORRY  
ABOUT  
MYSELF"--  
MY  
EYE!



WHO THE  
HELL DOES  
HE THINK  
HE IS?

MAKING  
A MOCKERY  
OF THE  
LAW--



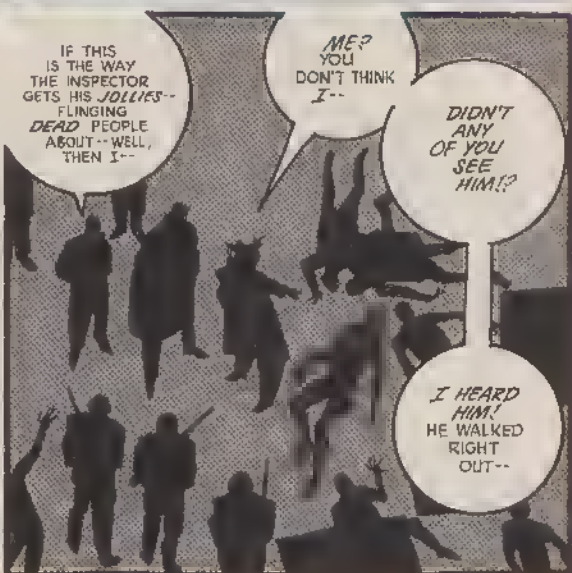
--WELL,  
HE WON'T  
MAKE A  
MOCKERY  
OF  
ME!!



YOU FEELING  
OKAY, SIR?

MR. PURVISON--  
IS *THIS*  
THE PATIENT?  
YOU TOLD ME  
HE WAS  
KNOCKED OUT  
COLD--

--NOT THAT  
HE'D  
GONE CRAZY  
AND  
TRASHED THE  
ENTIRE  
MORGUE!!



IF THIS  
IS THE WAY  
THE INSPECTOR  
GETS HIS *JOLLIES*--  
FLINGING  
DEAD PEOPLE  
ABOUT--WELL,  
THEN I--

ME?  
YOU  
DON'T THINK  
I--

DIDN'T  
ANY  
OF YOU  
SEE  
HIM!?

I HEARD  
HIM!  
HE WALKED  
RIGHT  
OUT--



--THE DOOR...



HIDING  
IN  
PLAIN  
SIGHT,  
EH?

IF  
THAT'S  
THE GAME  
HE'S  
PLAYING--



TWO  
CAN--

DAMN.



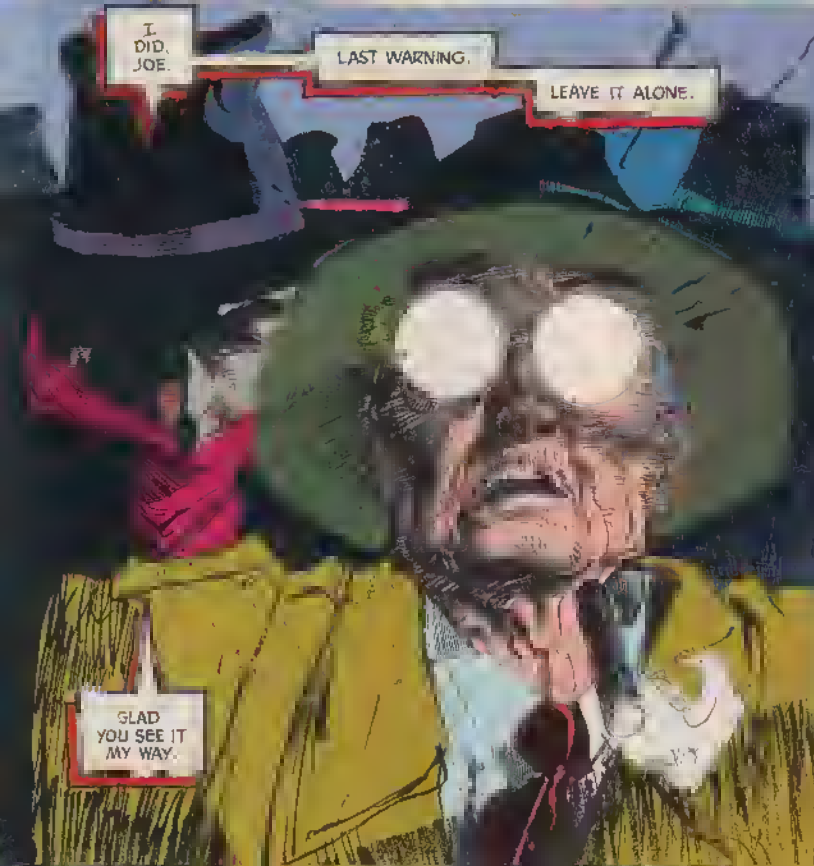
DAMN!



DA--

OWW!!

WHO  
THE HELL  
JABBED ME  
IN THE--



I  
DID,  
JOE.

LAST WARNING.

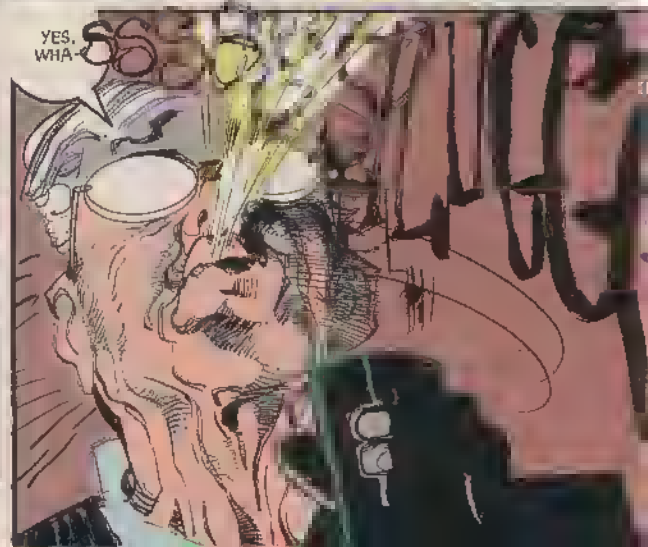
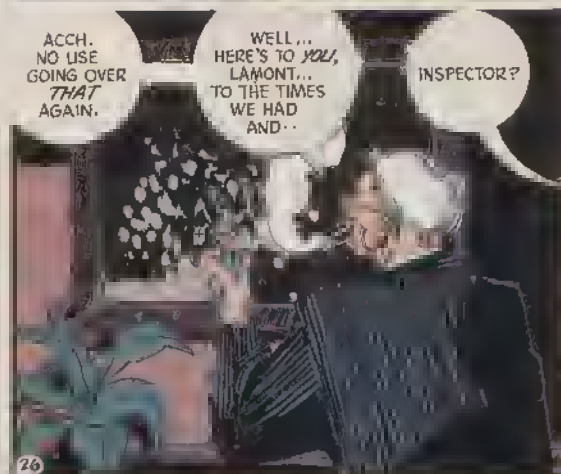
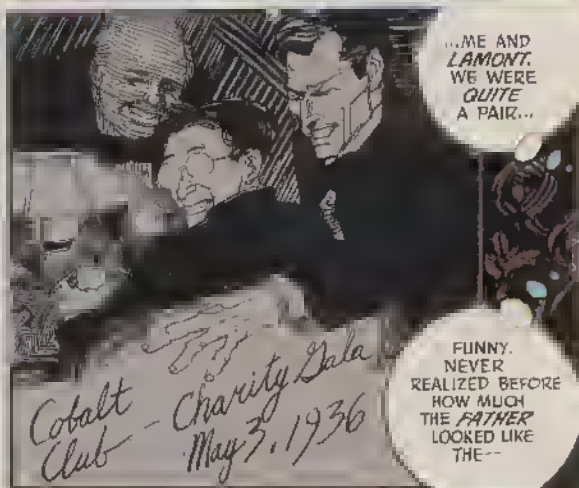
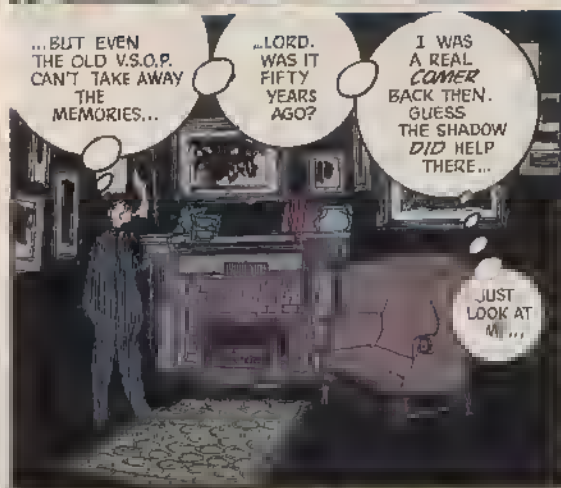
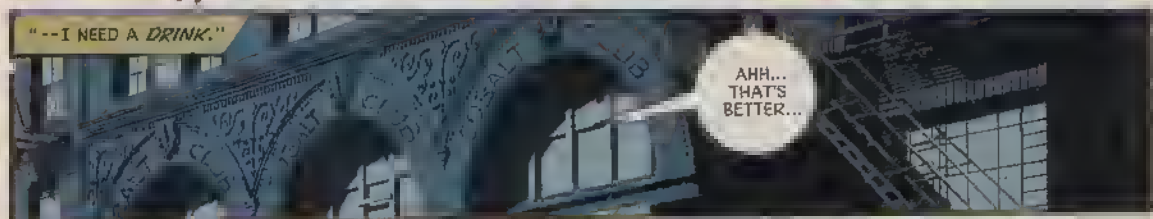
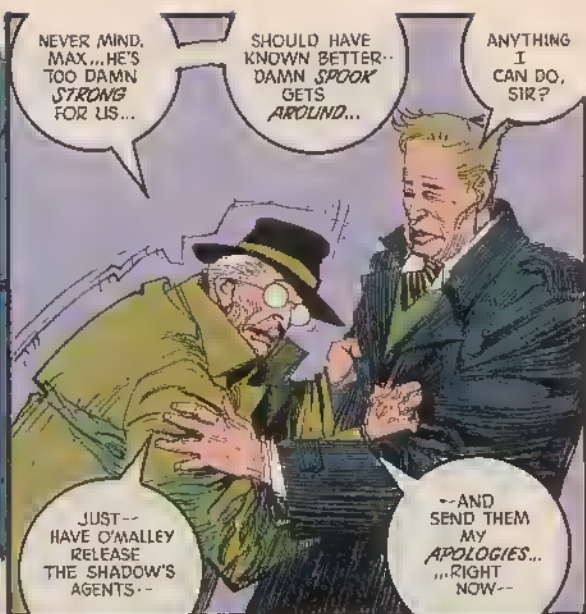
LEAVE IT ALONE.




GONE!


GLAD  
YOU SEE IT  
MY WAY.







JOE!  
I TAKE IT,  
THEN,  
YOU'RE *GLAD*  
TO SEE ME?



HOW DID YOU--  
WHAT DID YOU--  
I MEAN-- YOU--  
YOU--YOU'RE  
*ALIVE!!*

YES, INDEED,  
JOE--AND FEELING  
*BETTER*  
THAN EVER,  
I MIGHT  
ADD!

WHU-WHAT  
THE HELL  
*HAPPENED*  
TO YOU?!

BIT OF  
*NASTY BUSINESS*.  
REALLY. A FELLOW  
NAMED *MAYROCK*  
MANAGED TO  
*SEIZE*  
FATHER'S *ASSETS*  
WHILE  
I WAS IN THE  
*ORIENT*.

I WENT TO  
ATLANTIC CITY  
TO GET THEM  
*BACK*.  
MR. *MAYROCK*  
WAS...*AHH...*  
*LESS* THAN  
COOPERATIVE.

I GATHER  
YOU *SAW* THE  
RESULTS OF OUR  
"NEGOTIATIONS".

YES--BUT  
WHAT ABOUT  
THE *SHADOW*?  
I THOUGHT  
*HE--*

THAT'S  
THE MOST  
*AMAZING* THING  
ABOUT IT!  
THE *SHADOW*  
ACTUALLY  
CAME TO MY  
*DEFENSE!*

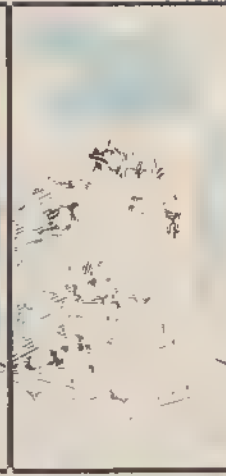
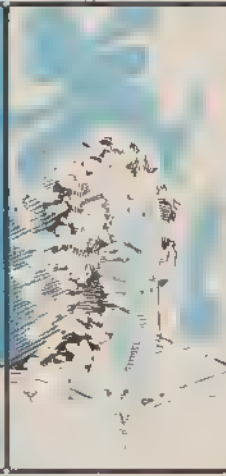
APPARENTLY,  
THIS *MAYROCK* FELLOW  
WAS PLAYING FOR  
RATHER *LARGE* STAKES--  
HAD A  
*NUCLEAR BOMB*  
UP ON THE ROOF  
OF  
DAD'S CASINO!

AND AFTER  
THE *SHADOW*  
*DISPATCHED*  
*MAYROCK* AND  
HIS BOMB, HE  
"KIDNAPPED"  
ME--

AND PERFORMED  
SOME OF THE MOST  
*REMARKABLE*  
RECONSTRUCTIVE  
SURGERY  
I'VE EVER  
SEEN!

DON'T KNOW  
*HOW* HE DID IT--  
AND FRANKLY,  
I DON'T *CARE*.  
THE SIMPLE  
FACT IS,  
JOE

"...LAMONT CRANSTON, JR.  
IS AS GOOD AS NEW!"



COOL.

I WOULD  
LIKE TO  
THANK YOU  
FOR THIS  
UNIQUE  
OPPORTUNITY.

NOW,  
PLEASE TELL ME--  
WHERE  
DO YOU KEEP  
MISTER  
DISNEY?

THERE IS  
NO TIME  
FOR THAT,  
BROTHER.  
WE MUST BE  
GOING.

OUR  
GRATITUDE,  
DOCTOR--  
FOR YOUR  
COOPERATION.

NO PROBLEM--  
ANY FRIEND  
OF MY FATHER'S  
IS A FRIEND  
OF MINE...



"...FOR LIFE."



NEXT:

**BLAZING APOSTLES!**